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enlarge his early weakness or errors. With the growth of such a taste, we shall see the decline of self respect, rudeness towards the dead, contempt of truth, and insensibility to the value of character. We may prepare ourselves then, for deplorable legends of all the good men that ever died.

ART. II. *Records of the life of the Rev. John Murray, late minister of the Reconciliation, and Seniour Pastor of the Universalists congregated in Boston, written by himself.* Boston, Munroe & Francis.

THIS book was noticed in the last Number, and we propose to make our readers better acquainted with it in the present, because it contains many entertaining anecdotes and introduces the reader into scenes, which are accessible only by means of memoirs of this description. Our purpose is to give a brief sketch of the story, without many reflections or much disquisition.

The subject of these memoirs was a descendant of the Scotch Murrays, though he was born in England, A. D. 1741, in Hampshire at Alton, which is situated on the Wey, and boasts of "a church, a Presbyterian and a Quaker meetinghouse, and is environed by a plantation of hops." His parents were both religious, and though members of different sects, the father being of the established church, and the mother a Presbyterian, "yet religion never disturbed the harmony of the family."

His paternal grandmother was a French woman, of the name of Barroux, one of the *noblesse*, who, having lost her mother early, came over to England to be educated. She became a Protestant, at which her father was so much enraged, that he discarded her, and to punish her the more severely, he swore he would marry, for a second wife, the first woman he should meet, "provided he could obtain her consent, and she were not absolutely disgusting." This woman happened to be his chambermaid, whom, not finding her "absolutely disgusting," and being able to "obtain her consent," he forthwith married. After his death, which soon followed, his estate, of about five hundred pounds a year, would have descended to his Protestant daughter, provided she had qualified herself to be his heir, by renouncing her

heresy ; but she declared that she would not do this for the whole kingdom of France.

During Mr. Murray's youth, the "hoary sage called Discipline," still reigned with undiminished prerogatives, and Murray's father was one of his most loyal subjects.

"My father," says he, "rarely passed by an offence, without marking it by such punishment as his sense of duty awarded ; and when my tearful mother interceded for me, he would respond to her entreaties in the language of Solomon, *if thou beat him with a rod, he shall not die*. Pious supplications were the accompaniments of the chastisements which were inflicted, so that I often passed from the terrour of the rod, to the terrifying apprehensions of a future and never ending misery. Upon these terriffick occasions, the most solemn resolutions were formed, and my vows were marked by floods of tears."

He relates one instance in which his father remitted something of his conscientious severity. When he was eleven years old, the family removed to Ireland, and when they were at Bristol on the way, he says ;

"I stepped into a boat on the *slip*, and letting it loose, the force of the current almost instantly carried it off into the channel, and had it been *ebb* instead of *flood* tide, I must inevitably have been carried out to sea, and most probably should never have been heard of more ; but the flood tide carried me rapidly up the river. In the midst of the river I found a large flat bottomed boat at anchor, to which I made fast the boat I was in. At midnight, I heard voices on the side of the river, when, earnestly imploring their aid, and offering a liberal reward, they came in their boat, and conveying me on shore, conducted me to my lodgings. But no language can describe my dismay, when I drew near my father, who was immediately preparing to administer the deserved chastisement, when the benevolent hostess interposed, and in pitying accents exclaimed, *for God's sake let the poor Blood alone ; I warrant he has suffered enough already*. My father was softened."

They settled in the neighbourhood of Cork, and the whole family became followers of Wesley. Young Murray was made leader of a class, and distinguished himself by singing hymns and by other devotional exercises.

Youth always has its friendships and its loves, and its disappointments in both. An intimate friendship took place

between Murray and a young man by the name of Little, who belonged to a respectable family of Methodists. While this intimacy existed, and Murray was admitted into this family, much on the footing of a child, the following incident occurred.

“A young lady, a distant relation of Mrs. Little, was introduced as a visitor. My friend and myself were in the parlour when she was introduced, and we both agreed she was the most ordinary young woman we had ever beheld. She was, I presume, more than twenty five years of age, under the common stature, of a very sallow complexion, large features, and a very disagreeable cast in her eye. Yet this same young lady had not been more than three weeks under the same roof with us, before we both became violently in love with her.”

They accordingly became silent and reserved; an explanation followed; each insisted on renouncing his pretensions in favour of the other; till finally they agreed to submit to the decision of Miss Dupee, (this was the young lady's name,) never doubting that one or the other must be “the favoured mortal.” “She possessed a most enchanting voice, a most fascinating manner, admirably calculated to gain hearts, especially young hearts, simple and softened by religion.” Murray lost his sleep, and his appetite, began to “tag rhymes,” and would sit for hours together on an eminence, which commanded a view of her habitation, uttering poetry and sighs. After a long struggle between his hopes and fears, he resolved to come to an explanation, and having written a letter, in which he conjured her at least, to “grant him leave to hope,” he put it into her hand, one night, as they were returning from meeting. She pressed his hand as she received it; he was almost suffocated with transport. Instead of “granting him leave to hope,” however, she gave the letter to his father. The next morning the family was assembled, and the boy was summoned to appear.

“‘Come hither, sir,’ said my father. I approached. He began very deliberately to search his pockets, and after a pause, which seemed almost interminable, out came a letter. I trembled and became so faint, that I was obliged to catch at a chair for support. My father continued slowly opening the killing letter, and looking alternately at it and its author, ‘and so, you poor, foolish child, you write love-letters, do you? You want a wife, do you?’

I burst into tears, but I confess they were tears of indignation ; at that moment I detested the lady, my father, and myself."

His young friend Little was soon after carried off by a fever. He was himself attacked by the same disease, and became delirious. He states that he can recollect what passed in his mind during the delirium, as well as any events of his life.

Murray's father being dead, and the Littles having lost their two sons, they offered to adopt him into their family. This proposal was accepted, and now he has an opportunity to cultivate his mind, the prospect of an ample inheritance, is an object of slander to all his new aunts and cousins, and of envy to the whole neighbourhood. But this does not satisfy him, he feels a strong impulse to do something out of the ordinary way ; he must go to London.

His pockets are filled with gold, and he leaves his natural and adoptive friends in tears, and sets out upon his adventure at the age of nineteen. On the road from Bristol to Bath, he meets with two haymakers returning from their work. "I fancy," said one of them, "you are a methodist." He replied that he was. "Then my Bess will be glad to see thee, I'll warrant me ; wool thee come along with me ? Thee may go farther and fare worse, I can tell thee that." "Ay, ay," said the other, "thee had best go with my neighbour ; I'll warrant thee good cheer." He accordingly accepted the invitation, and found Bess, his hostess, to be an intelligent woman, with a well cultivated mind. They fell into conversation, and were so much entertained with each other, that Bess would have forgotten supper, had she not been reminded of it by her good man.

Murray had preached in Ireland ; he preached again in Bath, and was greatly admired.

On arriving in London, he took the first lodgings that came in his way, and having no plan of conduct, and no friends, he was ready to follow as fortune might lead. The Methodists of London were afraid of him, having heard that he was a Calvinist, and he who had before been a leader of a class, and a preacher, now becomes a gay fellow. He is delighted with musick and dancing, frequents the theatres and publick gardens, and convivial clubs. He was present when John Wilkes was initiated into some one of these last. About a year is spent in thoughtless gaiety, till his

money is exhausted, and his tailor's bill, &c. bring him to reflection. Then come remorse, repentance, and reformation. He goes to work to gain subsistence, frequents the tabernacle day and night, and soon distinguishes himself by his piety and his powers of conversation.

He resided and was happy for a time in the house of a thrifty trader, who thought more of the world than of religion. His host once took occasion to say to him, "You, my friend, are accustomed to perform the honours of my table. If you prolong your grace at breakfast, it will answer for morning prayer." He was greatly shocked and disgusted at this, and soon after left the house.

He found a friend in a young man of the name of Neale. This friend had a sister to whom he had spoken concerning Murray, in such terms as to excite in her a desire to be acquainted with him. An arrangement was accordingly made for that purpose, and they appointed to meet, with a number of their friends, on Sunday evening.

"Sunday night came. I was expected, and the great room was filled, previous to my arrival. I entered, every one rose at my entrance, and I felt dignifiedly pious, seriously happy. My young friend approached, and told me in a whisper, his sister would have been greatly disappointed, had any thing detained me that evening. On my entrance I had glanced at a young lady, extremely beautiful, who appeared to be attired by the hand of elegance. It was with difficulty I could take my eyes from her. I was confounded, I changed my seat that I might not behold her, and when addressed by Mr. Neale, I replied by asking where his sister was seated, when he pointed to the fascinating figure, that had attracted my attention. 'That young lady, Sir, is Miss Neale, my sister; she has long wished for an opportunity of seeing you; I am happy that she is now gratified.' An introduction was in course; I had much to say through the evening, and my friend declared I had never spoken better. I addressed the throne of grace; my own heart was softened, and the hearts of my audience were softened also. I returned home, but the image of the beautiful sister of my friend accompanied me."

In short he became desperately in love, and thought his "happiness was fled forever." He soon "ventured to propose himself as a candidate for her favour." "Alas, sir," she replied, "you have formed too high an opinion of my character; I trust you will find a person much more deserving of you than I can pretend to be." This was not repul-

sive, he accordingly urged his suit, solicited, became impassioned and importunate. "You and I, Sir," she replied, "profess to believe in an over-ruling Providence; we have both access to the throne of our Heavenly Father. Let us, Sir, unbosom ourselves to our God; I shall, I assure you; so, I am persuaded, will you; and if after we have thus done, we obtain the sanction of the Most High, I trust I shall be resigned." But, alas, never did the course of true love smoothly run. The grandfather of Eliza, with whom she lived, and on whom she depended, held Methodists in great abhorrence. This gave her an opportunity to make sacrifices for her lover. She left her grandfather's house, and he made a new will. In due time she and her lover were united, and the period of their union constitutes quite an interesting part of the book. The interest of this period will be a little diminished to some readers and increased to others, by the circumstance of their common conversion to Universalism by the preaching of Rely, and their consequent excommunication from the tabernacle.

They had passed about two years together in all the ecstasies of religious enthusiasm and the endearments of affection, when this amiable woman became sick, and was gradually wasted away to dissolution.

He gives the following account of her last moments.

"My suffering friend, taking my hand, and drawing me near to her, whispered a wish that we might be alone. The women in attendance withdrew. I kneeled by her bed-side; she drew me closer to her, and throwing her feeble, emaciated arms about my neck, she gave me an ardent embrace. I was unutterably affected. 'Be composed, my dear,' said she, 'and let these precious moments be as calm as possible; we may not be allowed another opportunity. Dear faithful friend in life, in death dearer than my own soul. God reward you for all the kind care you have taken of me. O! may my heavenly Father provide some one to supply my place, who may reciprocate the kindness you have shewn me. Pray be composed; remember we are not at home; that we shall shortly meet in our Father's house'—here she paused and again resuming—'Our parting, when compared with eternity, will be but for a moment. What though we have not continued together as long as we expected, yet, my love, we have had an age of happiness. God, all gracious, console and support you. Be of good cheer, my love, we shall meet in the kingdom of the Redeemer.'—Again she threw her dying arms around me; her soul seemed to be struggling with the magnitude of her emotions. Again she seem-

ed to revive. Again, with uncommon energy, she pronounced upon her almost phrenzied husband, the most solemn benediction. This brought on a cough. She pointed to a phial on her dressing table. I gave her a few drops. She was relieved for a moment, but soon her cough came on with additional violence. The phial was offered her, she motioned it away. 'It is too late;' she would have added, but utterance failed her, and without a struggle she breathed her last, still holding my hand fast in hers. I saw she was breathless, but she still held my hand. Ten thousand worlds would I have given, to have accompanied her beatified spirit."

She left her husband to grief and misfortunes. Sickness had brought on expenses. He was hunted down by bailiffs and lodged in the sponging house. The intenseness of his sufferings had rendered him insensible and reckless. But his wife's brother payed off his debts and put him again into employment. After two attempts and failures in business, he undertook something, he will not say what, by means of which he retrieved his circumstances, discharged his pecuniary obligations, and found himself quite well in the world, living with his mother and his brothers and sisters, in a pleasant situation near London. But he was wretched; grief hung upon his spirits; the human countenance gave him no pleasure, and he wished to leave the solitude of men for that of the wilderness. He takes passage for America, and by a succession of very remarkable incidents, becomes a preacher of what he calls "the glad tidings" and "the truth as it is in Jesus," meaning the opinions of the Universalists.

A very interesting account is given of his labours in the principal cities of the United States, the oppositions and enmities, friendships and successes, that befel him. He continued to be a publick preacher from 1771, when he arrived in this country, till 1809, when he was entirely deprived of the use of his limbs by paralysis; he however lived six years after this event, though totally helpless.

The extracts we have made afford a sufficient specimen of the style in which this book is written, and we leave our readers to make their own remarks upon it, if they deem it sufficiently important. There is probably a little colouring of the facts, some things are no doubt omitted, some palliated and others exaggerated. It is common and perhaps excusable, that the fancy of the writer accompanies his memory, scattering a few flowers, and directing the attention to agreeable objects, and diverting it from what is painful. Were it

otherwise, biography would be a branch of reading much less entertaining than it now is. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the reader is not to be imposed upon by all this ; for though the imagination may be busy in setting off the truth, still the truth is not to be so painted and decked, as not to be recognised, though the artificial figure might be the more pleasing of the two. We have, however, no doubt that the facts stated in Mr. Murray's book are substantially true, since a greater part of them took place in the presence of witnesses, who could easily correct any misrepresentation.

The most remarkable thing in this book is the writer's enthusiasm and consciousness of divine direction and support. He brought much of this character with him from England, but it was greatly confirmed on his arrival in this country. Perhaps it will not be tedious to observe the operation of this principle, and to revert to the occasion of its complete establishment in his mind.

On a passage from Philadelphia to New York, their vessel was driven out of its course, into Cranberry Inlet, where they went on shore in quest of provisions. Murray, having parted from his companions, after proceeding some distance, came to a house where he found a large quantity of fish. "Pray, Sir, will you sell me some of your fish," says he to the proprietor. "No, Sir." "That is strange when you have so many, to refuse me a single fish." "I did not refuse you a fish, Sir ; you are welcome to as many as you please, but I do not sell them, Sir, I have them for taking up, and you may obtain them in the same way." Potter (this is the name of our new acquaintance) invited Murray to go in, which he did, and found himself in a comfortable room by a cheerful fire. "Come, my friend," said Potter, "I am glad you have returned ; I have been expecting you a long time." Murray expressed his astonishment, and began to question his host.

"I must go on in my own way, was his reply. I was born in these woods, and my father did not think proper to teach me my letters. I worked on these grounds until I became a man, when I went coasting voyages from hence to New York. I was desirous of becoming a husband, but in going to New York I was pressed on board a man of war, and I was taken in admiral Warren's ship to Cape Breton. I never drank any rum, so they saved my allowance ; but I would not bear an affront, so if any one of the officers struck me, I struck him again, but the admiral took my part and called me his new-light man. When we reached Louis-

burg, I ran away, and travelled barefoot and almost naked, through the country to New York, where I was known and supplied with clothes and money, and soon returned to this place, when I found my girl married. This rendered me very unhappy, but I recovered my tranquillity, and married her sister. I sat down to work, got forward very fast; constructed a sawmill, possessed myself of this farm and five hundred acres of adjoining land. I entered into navigation, became the owner of a ship, and have got together a large estate."

He then relates that he built a meetinghouse and had been waiting for, and expecting, a preacher to his mind. And when Murray came up and asked him for fish, a voice whispered him, "Potter, this is the man, this is the person whom I have sent to preach in your house." Murray could not, however, be persuaded to preach. But after being detained some time by unfavourable winds, he resolved that if the wind did not change before the next Sunday, he would consider it a sign that he should comply with Potter's request. The wind continued to blow in the same direction, and he accordingly appeared in the pulpit on Sunday, and acquitted himself to the great admiration of his auditors. From this time he considered himself to be divinely commissioned to publish his doctrines, and proceeded with confidence and enthusiasm to "bear testimony" in various parts of the United States, from Baltimore to Portsmouth, never taking any thought for the morrow, but trusting wholly to heaven and the generosity of his friends for support. Whatever one may think of his opinions or the signs upon which he placed so much reliance, there was something singularly romantick and adventurous in this enterprise.

ART. III. *A Hebrew Grammar, compiled from some of the best authorities, by Sidney Willard, A. M. Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages in Harvard College. Cambridge, printed at the University Press, by Hilliard and Metcalf. pp. 104.*

THIS, we believe, is the second grammar of Hebrew with the points, ever printed in this country. The first was almost a literal transcript from those of Lyons and Grey. The edition was superintended by Judah Monis, Hebrew